



## Dragon Slayer



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### Chapter 1 by Brynna Housholder

It's truly amazing what the human body can do. Most of the time when toddlers poo for the first time in the potty, it's cause for celebration. Well, I'm almost 18 and I just crapped my pants. I have good reason too. I was just thrown off a cliff... by a dragon. I haven't actually killed a dragon, but I'm working on that. I should probably introduce myself before I get too much into this tale of brilliance. My name is Princess Ellie Elizabeth Morgan. Most people just call me Ellie. Yeah I know what you all are thinking. "How can you be a princess and a dragon slayer!" Like I said before, I'm not a dragon slayer... yet. Nobody believed that my closest friend, Avery, could become the first female knight, but look where she is! Dad says I have until my 18th birthday to prove I can be something other than a Queen by killing a dragon. If you could stay tuned to the Distressed Princess channel, I'll go ahead and get married to a self-centered jerk. Even my own mother wants me to give up my childish humor and be more boring than a plank floating in the River! Mother and Father don't have much ground to stand on though. The entire kingdom of Boneville agrees with me. I know. The worst name for a kingdom ever! That's why when you look on a map, we're not big enough to see without a microscope. I'm just kidding! We don't exactly exist anymore because of me, but that's another story. And now to continue my explanation...

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a cave suddenly carried me off in its razor sharp talons, and dropped me off a precipice. My scream is ripped away from me as I plummet to the rocks below me. Just as I accept my apparent demise, my fall is brought short by the same claws that started it. My sword falls from my hand, and my body feels fatigued. I slowly begin to ascend with each beat of the dragon's amber wings. When I finally reach the edge of the escarpment, the great beast drops me on the sandy ground, and I collapse. Through my dizzy confusion, I see the dragon change into the form of a winged wolf. "Your sword is gone, so you may speak with me in peace, rather than malice."

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